

AN ADAPTABLE M.P.

MR. CLAUDE MACDONELL, member of Parliament for South Toronto, is a sunny and genial Celt and a stout adherent of the Ancient Faith, which *Mulvaney* declared to be "so regimental in her fittins." His loyalty to his church does not prevent his having a host of Protestant friends. The other day, he was in a certain club in Toronto and it was suggested by a party of convivalists that "there was no use asking Claude" to take a Protestant drink.

The answer came back in a flash: "Tut, tut! I take orange bitters."

AN EVIDENCE.

A MISSIONARY, recently returned from a fort far north on the Pacific coast, was asked by an Ontario hostess if the Indian women were becoming "civilised."

"Madam," was the reply: "I assure you that I have seen them studying Eaton's catalogue with great earnestness."

RATHER DIFFICULT.

A SHOP-GIRL of the "ain't-it-awful-Mabel?" type recently asked a companion at the counter why she had been so silent of late.

"Well, you see it's like this. I started at the New Year to give up slang and I've just had to be pretty quiet. I tell you, when you try to cut out slang, you're up against it, good and plenty."

"Sure!" was the sympathetic response.

A CASE OF URGENT NEED.

IT was in the hotel of a Western mining town that the New England guest, registering in the office, heard a succession of loud yells.

"What in the world is that?"—a murder going on up-stairs?" he demanded.

"No," said the clerk, as he slammed the book and lounged towards the stairs. "It's the spring bed up in Number Five. That Tenderfoot up there don't get the hang of it, and every few days he gets one o' the spiral springs screwed into him like a shirt-stud. I guess I'll have to go up, if there ain't anything I can do for you for a few minutes."—*Youth's Companion*.



Phyllis. "I'm very sorry, but I think we must be going, Andrew has borne it as long as he can."—Punch.

AN AMOROUS BRAKEMAN.

IT was some years ago, says the *Lindsay Free Press*, that Mr. J. W. Bengough, the cartoonist, was on his way to Haliburton with Mr. R. J. Moore, then of Fenelon Falls. The conductor on the train was the popular Mr. Hunter Gail, familiarly known as "Dinny."

"Is that Mr. Bengough?" asked Dinny of Mr. Moore.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then," said the genial conductor. "I've got a great subject for him to-night. Let's get together."

Mr. Moore, Bengough and Dinny got their heads together. The brakeman on the train was—well, it would be too bad to give his name—but anyway he was in the habit of dropping away from his train at Kinmount in the evenings, and while shunting and stoppages were going on there, he would have a pleasant time in social chat with a pretty young miss who lived near the station. The night before, the brakeman was so interested in his delightful occupation that—his train went off without him.

On some excuse or another "Dinny" after telling the story, enticed the brakeman into the car, Bengough got a good look at him—and the rest was easy.

Arriving at Haliburton, "Dinny" let it be generally known that there was something special to be doing. The result was a packed house.

Many of the pictures given by the talented artist brought loudest applause, but the one that showed the brakeman in his smock and overalls and real as life itself, with the girl most comfortably close and his train most uncomfortably far away, and the trainman's face struggling between appreciation of the closeness of the one and dismay at the farness of the other—well this picture convulsed the house. The applause fairly warped the shingles on the roof, and the laughter shook the rafters.

And the poor brakeman had to stand it all. He was up the gallery—with another girl!

The brakeman never heard the last of it.

AN IRREPARABLE LOSS.

THE teacher of the primary school, in looking round the room after the children had taken their seats, saw a new face. It pertained to a little boy. She called him to her desk. "What is your name, dear?" she asked him.

"Tommy Hunter, ma'am," he answered.

"How old are you, Tommy?"

"Six, going on seven."

"You don't look over five," she said, after a careful scrutiny. "I shall have to ask you to bring me a certificate of your age."

"Bring you what, ma'am?"

"A statement from your parents. You may stay here this morning, but when you go home at noon ask your mother to write me a note, telling me when and where you were born. Don't forget it, Tommy. You may go back to your seat."

After the noon recess was over and the children had reassembled in the schoolroom, Tommy presented himself at her desk, flushed with triumph. The glow soon faded from his little face, however, as he felt in his pockets, one after another, and failed to find the note his mother had written. He began to cry.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked the teacher.

"I—I've lost my—my excuse for bein' born!" sobbed Tommy.

WHAT THEY SAY.

She: Is it true that Miss Blank is going to marry the Prince?

He: Er—well, they have issued a denial of the story which contradicted the report as to the falsity of the rumour that the account was untrue.—*Brooklyn Life*.

HIS OBJECT.

MOST of us are acquainted with the person who asks obvious questions—the sort of man who stops you in the middle of a headlong rush and asks you if you are in hurry. Mr. E. is one of the pests and during a walk abroad the other morning he paused in astonishment outside a friend's house. Before it stood three huge moving vans; the lawn was almost covered with articles of furniture of various

sorts—pictures, wardrobes and china. And there was his old friend B., begrimed, weary and ill-tempered, directing operations in his shirt-sleeves.

"What, B.," exclaimed E., "are you moving?"

"Not at all—not at all," snapped B., with elaborate sarcasm, "I'm taking my furniture out for a ride!"—*Independence*.

A REQUISITE.

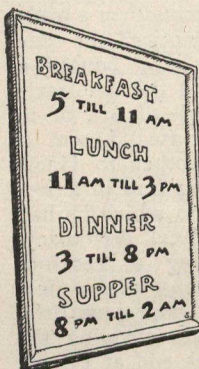
Colonel—What do army regulations make the first requisite in order that a man may be buried with military honours?

Private Macshorty—Death, yer honour!—*Illustrated News*.

WARM FOR WILLIAM.

THE teacher was giving a geography lesson and the class, having travelled from London to Labrador, and from Thessaly to Timbuctoo, was thoroughly worn out. "And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by the Kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a Kaiser?"

"Please 'm," yawned Tommy Jones, "a stream o' hot water springin' up an' disturbin' the earth!"—*The Argonaut*.



HOTEL LIFE

Deacon Upstate: "Jerusalem! When am I goin' to git a chance to see the town?"—*Life*.

TRUE!

Professor (at chemistry examination): Under what combination is gold released most quickly?
Student: Marriage.—*Success*.

SERVING THE DUKE.

The butler was new and nervous, and evidently scared of his ducal employer. He proffered a dish with the insinuating query: "Cold grace, your grouse?"

A BISHOP'S POINTER.

BISHOP SHUTE BARRINGTON of Durham was ill and Pretymann of Lincoln, who was thought to desire that wealthy See, was diligent in his inquiries. Bishop Barrington recovered and directed his man-servant to answer on the next occasion: "I am better, but the Bishop of Winchester has a bad cough."

'T WAS EVER THUS.

MARK TWAIN has a friend who was constantly receiving letters from a man asking for the loan of some money. One day Mark's friend was surprised to receive a letter from the impecunious one which ran as follows: "This time I have decided to reverse the usual order of things, and, instead of borrowing from you, I inclose herewith five pounds, which I am going to ask you lay aside for me for a rainy day." But the recipient of the letter couldn't find any cheque. Thinking that he might have dropped it, he searched for it under the table and all over the floor, but to no purpose. Then quite accidentally he turned over the sheet of notepaper on which the letter was written, and discovered this postscript: "I've just looked out of the window, and find that it is raining like the very dickens."

THE WORST YET.

There was a young woman named Wemyss
Who complained of her terrible dremyss;
When they called in the doctor,
Conceive how it schoctor,
When he said: "You have chocolate cremyss."
—*Regina Standard*.